

Moderato

Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me what's wrong,  
truth,  
down,



you're en-chained by your own sor-row,  
I'm a shoul-der you can cry on,  
and your love's a blown out candle,



in your all

your best is

eyes friend, gone

there is no hope for tomorrow,  
I'm the one you must re-ly on,  
and it seems too hard to handle,


How I hate to see you like  
You were always sure of your-  
Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me the



this, self, truth,

there is no way  
now I see you've  
there is no way




  
 you can de-ny it, —
   
 bro-ken a feath-er, —
   
 you can de-ny it, —




  
 I —————
   
 I —————
   
 I —————



can



see  
 hope  
 see



that you're, oh,  
 we can patch  
 that you're, oh,

so  
 it  
 so





sad, so qui-et, —  
 up to-gether, —  
 sad, so qui-et, —



1.

Chi-qui-ti - ta, tell me the

2.3.

Chi-qui-ti - ta, you and I





know

how the heart-aches come and they go and the



scars they're leav- in' —



You'll be danc- in' once a- gain —

and the plain

will end,

you will have no

time for griev- in' —



Chi-qui-ti-ta, you and I — cry

but the sun is still in the sky and

8

Re

shinin' a-bove you, — let me hear — you sing once more like you did be-fore, sing a new song,

La Mi Re Mi Mi

Chi-qui-ti-ta. — Try once more like you did be-

La Mi Re

fore, sing a new song. Chi-qui-ti-ta. — So the walls came tumb - lin' —

Mi Mi La (Re) La

*Dal 3/4 al 4/4  
poi segue*

Chi-qui-ti-ta, —

La try once

more like you did be-fore, sing a new song, Chi-qui-ti-ta. —

rit. Mi Re Mi Mi La

*(Strum. ad lib.)*